Don't say that I haven't a heart, Will;
I think of the past with regret;
And though we've so long been apart, still
I, too, find it hard to forget.
What nonsense I'm writing! Ned Cary
Has broken with Lillian Lee.
And he and Ikajah Sands—you know Mary—Are devoted to me.

Jack Whitney has come into money;
And so has Nell Page; by the way.
She married old Dale—ain't it funny?
He's seventy if he's a day.
Her trousseau, of course, came from Paris;
Her britemalds were Maurie McKee.
The Weston girls, Beatrice Harris,
Celia Carter and me.

Another, they say, in September
Will be the event of the year.
The groom is young Boyd—you remember
Your trio: Boyd, Billiards and Beer?
'Tis Grace wed to Gold, says Dame Grundy
That his gifts are a sight to see:
That she tries on her dress on Monday;
That it's ordered by me;

That mine's the opinion that's asked for
The flowers, the feast and the wine;
That my poor little wits are tasked for
The entire performance, in fine
The happy girl isn't Grace Greeley,
Nor even my cousin Marie;
They say—you know tongues rua so freely—
That the bride, too, is me.
—Ruth Hall, in Harper's Magazine.

## EVERY ONE LOVED HIM

How Jack Buston's Sins Were Outweighed by His Virtues.

Any fine sunny day you might have seen old Sir Peter Euston driving in the park with his admirable elder son Joseph by his side. The old gentleman was a good deal shaken since that dreadful business about his son Jack. Society talked of it for quite three days, and my friend John Carleton was near-Peter's kind old face brightened in return for a friendly greeting, but there was a vast deal more sorrow than joy in his smile.

Says Mrs. Mountchester to me as we drove past and exchanged greetings, airily whipping up her dapper gray ponies: "Now, I really do think the old gentleman ought to put a better face on it. He had one son who had all the vices extant, and the other every imaginable virtue: why doesn't he strike a balance as they do at his bank, and set off one against the other." Certainly Joseph Euston looked the incar-nation of high-class British virtue. Peo-ple were always making him their "executor" and leaving him handsome legacies; the middle-aged folks were never happy till he was guardian and god-tather to their children; and the young folks appointed him "trustee" to any number of marriage settlements. Now and then you saw hs name as director of some very fat and flourishing company, and its fatness and its flourish were generally due to the value attaching to his name. When you had secured his patronage for any undertaking you might be quite sure it would ride on the top of the tide and ultimately secure firm anchorage in the harbor of public opinion. I know that the Society for Christian Potboys was on its very last legs when he gave it his sanction; and now it's scarcely delike him. He never tore his clothes nor

play any tricks on him. All the devil-try of the fam ly centered in Jack, and left nothing but all the domestic virtues for Joseph. Add to his virtues an extremely courteous manner, and to his ble couple found Jack such a distress-manner a soft, winning voice, and to ing subject and declined to discuss him both a well-secured income of ten thousand pounds a year, and tell me if Hannah More ever conceived a more noble perfect hero.

tribute crumbs of the very latest gossip, and any social chick-a-biddy might pick them up. So says my Lady Chelsea: "I hear Joseph Euston is secured at The dealer paused in his deal as a chorus of inquiries rose. Little Cecil

"All the world is wrong, as usual, lad was demoralizing the whole school, "go on; abuse me as much as you like. Guess again," I then hazard the remark and he must go. But for all that the But not you or a hundred such shall that as Mrs. Wilks Wheeler has been angling for him for her third girl for two years (and mark you, Mrs. W. Shoulders and spoke his little farewell dudgeon, and no sooner has her than the must go. But for all that the But not you or a hundred suck that as Mrs. Wheeler was the mark you, Mrs. W. Then came more shakes of my lady's the servant girls, and they all doled on had, and further random guesses on the part of the guests; then an interval of silence as Lady Chelsea's most oracular voice announced the name of "Lady Olivia Plantagenet." The rubber was suspended for several minutes while we receive would have laid down that old pounds out of his little savings, and they all doled on him; he had four pet dogs and three fools; but I think the clerks and bank officials, with Joseph in that frame of mind, must have had an extremely unpleasant afternoon of it.

Three months after this I was again they all doled on him; he had four pet dogs and three fools; but I think the clerks and bank officials, with Joseph in that frame of mind, must have had an extremely unpleasant afternoon of it.

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expressed our surprise.

And now I must tell you something thing in the shape of a marriageable daughter had spread her nets abroad for Joseph Euston. When his father died he would be Sir Joseph, and in the meanwhile he was practically the senior partner in the famous old bank of Sir Joseph. Billion Bill throphic mothers with tendencies toward Exeter Hall had laid desperate and insidious siege to his heart. It is on record that pretty and skittish Miss no record that pretty and skittish Miss into this family history, and she plays and renounced the gayeties of a whole London season, all in hopes of securing Joseph. She never indulged in a single frivolity that season, except one fancy bazar to which Joseph was in-

veigled. He attended the bazar, bought many of her knickknacks, but, alas! did not purchase the fair saleswoman. did not purchase the fair saleswoman. I could count up a dozen cases in which he was nearly secured, and then, at the last moment, he managed to escape the landing net; always, I must own, in a perfectly decorous manner. And now to think that Lady Olivia Plantagenet had secured him, rather had condescended to secure him; for you must know that the Lady Olivia was, as it were, a species of ganglion, or gather. OHIO were, a species of ganglion, or gather-ing together, of the bluest of all blue blood. She was the only daughter of the Duke of Dartford, and, in all conscience, his daughter ought to be tolera-bly blue blooded, especially when I tell you that her mother was Hon. Emilia Buchanan Denz'l, (the Worcester Den-zils, if you please; not the left-handed Warwickshire branch.) In the fact of such facts it is evident that millions of years of natural selection, carried out on Darwinian or any other principle you like, could never have produced such a doubly-distilled azure as the blood that ran in the Lady Olivia's veins—I don't suppose it ran, it coursed in a stately way. Well, Lady Olivia was very haughty and beautiful. She had very little money and less brains. I have even heard coarse plebe an folks whisper that she was a fool; but this was manifestly untrue, as her conduct throughout this ticklish matter abundantly proves. Still, for all that, I must like conversing with something between a statue and a sheep. The old Duke of Dartford was dreadfully poor for a Duke. Their place down in Summer-setshire was half shut up. He sold his game, (they do say he turned an hon-est penny by his grapes and pines;) and it became absolutely necessary that Lady Olivia should marry money.

Mrs. Mountchester says she was desperately in love at seventeen with what she called a mere sailor—I believe he was the third son of an Admiral. Any up ever since. She was twenty-seven and in the full prime of her stately and rather marmoreal beauty and shearty when suddenly the servent and in the full prime of her stately and rather marmoreal beauty and servent when suddenly the servent and its paule and discharged prisoners, temperance washerwomen, and all the rest of it, rather marmoreal beauty, when she Lady Pimlico. Joseph's face changed descried Joseph Euston on the far and hardened, and old Sir Peter bright-horizon. His blood, of course, was ened up. My Lady entered, evidently ly worn off his legs running about from club to club repeating the story. Sir himself was starchy and stiff and tiresome; but he had money me with cordiality and Joseph with pugand was amenable on the question of settlements, so there was a little preliminary hovering, and then came an extremely frigid proposal. Lady Olivia bent her stately head and accepted the substantial banker. It was October now, and the marriage was fixed for the early spring. Once or twice a week Joseph called on his intended. They sat in state in the Dartford drawingroom in Eatonsquare. Sometimes he kissed her hand at parting—it seemed a matter of supreme indifference to her whether he kissed the fan or the hand that held it-and they conversed always in this way. Lady Olivia is lying back in her chair looking very beautiful and bored; Joseph is seated on the other side of the fireplace.

"Olivia," says her lover, "we have had bad news of unfortunate brother."
"I imagine all news of him must be bad," she replies in her level accents. "He is an extremely painful subject; need we discuss it?

"I think I must claim your co-operahe answers, "in preventing his ... He is going from bad to return. worse.

"That is immaterial," says Lady Olivia, "so long as he does not return

home."
"His letter to-day," says Joseph, "states that he has squandered all his capital and that he is absolutely starying, and has taken a berth as a farm laborer. He seems to have associated with the lowest—"

respectability had ruled his life from the cradle upward. He was that entirely odious thing, a well-conducted boy. I don't like decorous boys, and I didn't like him. He never tore his cleth. in our future relationship. I should prefer dropping the subject." got into debt; he could not have climbed a tree to save his life; and he would

From which you can see that the as soon have broken into a church as Lady Olivia was possessed, among her other high qualities, if not exactly of robbed a henroost. No one ever was known to call him Joe, or chaff him, or what Carlyle calls a soft invincib lity still an invincibility of a very definite

But although this extremely admira-(as, in fact, society in general d'd,) to me he was a subject of undying interest, and I am never so happy as when I am talking of him, either on the sly That very evening I was playing a rubber at old Lady Chelsea's. I always left her house considerably richer in scandal but decidedly poorer in pocket. Between the hands Lady C. would distributed by the service of the way, or quite openly and joyfully with his aunt, old Lady Betty Pimlico, of whom more anon. Wasn't Jack my godson? wasn't I responsible for half my dear lad's with his poor old father, (when Joseph I responsible for half my dear lad's sins? He was my dear bad lad all through. Was there ever such a scape-grace? Surely he was possessed by all the devils of mischief, frolic, riot, and uproar. His school days were one long rebellion; he infected the whole school; Digby, who was my partner, raised his hand and said: "I'll lay ten to one I can spot the girl."

he was the ringleader in all mischief. But how the boys adored him and followed him! He could wheedle round hand and said: "I'll lay ten to one spot the girl."

"The creature is detestably slangy," says Lady C., leaning back in her chair.

"I have a great mind to win your money, Mr. Digby. I think I might give the party a guess all round and yet keep my secret."

"Why, Lady Chelsea," cries Cecil, "all the world knew the day before yesterday that the beautiful Yankee heiress, the composed of a battery of bottles of Bass, which by an ingenious device was timed to open fire (and actually did) upon the head master in the dead of n'ght as he lay peacefully sleeping in bed. After that there was nothing to do but expel him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—shell him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—shell him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—shell him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—shell him. I went to try to make peace, but of triumph glowing on her old face—shell him. him. I went to try to make peace, but old Doctor Turner was indexible. The lad was demoralizing the whole school, "go on; abuse me as much as you like. taker for the last three seasons), it was probable that this accomplished lady had at last brought matters to a crisis.

that Joseph should enter the bank and and there I found had Jack the army; so in a few years Jack I found him alone. Euston, Curtis & Langham. Philan-throphic mothers with tendencies were many, Jack had this one tremen-toward Exeter Hall had laid desperate dous virture—he always adored his

est heart and the sharpest tongue of any old lady I ever came across. Ask her maid Jenkins about the tongue and leave fack to vouch for the heart. I gleam at the very thought of his return, have several photographs of this venerand a beautiful smile breaks over his able old lady in my album. Whenever face as he takes out of his pocket a After many months things settled I entertain my friends and conversation flags my albums are produced and I doom my guests to the social penalty of gazing at and saying something appropriate about hosts of people they have never known. Everybody says, directly they see Lady Betty's photograph. "What an extraordinary old lady." She wore an audacious wig, a capacious Jack will live toge her and be happy she invariably wore an old fur tippet.

She was a valiant old soul, free of speech, given much to questionable stories, hating shams, and fearing no man, and loving Jack more than any other creature on earth. She fought his battles, she paid h's debts, she outraged all the properties for his sake; and when that last awful business cropped up and he had to leave suddenly for Manitoba, the old lady broke down and shantona, the old lady broke down laid took to her bed for some weeks. When she got about again she refreshed herself ny trotting over to Harley street and having a battle royal with Joseph.

afternoon to call on Sir Peter. Joseph a great joy and longing now fulfilled, and his father were sitting together in and I see the old man fling his the dismal dining room in Harley street. Sir Peter was very shaky and silent, and Conversation flagged; we all three seemed sleepy and stupid. I did not dare to ask about Jack. Joseph kept rambl ng on in his smooth decorous ened up. My Lady entered, evidently in high spirits, more untidy than ever.

"I've got news," cries the old lady, seating herself, with her feet on the fender and her hands on her knees. I saw Sir Peter's hands move feebly

and a gleam of light pass over his face. "Good news, I hope," says Joseph.
"What I call good news," snaps back the old woman, "and what you may call bad news. My boy is coming

home." In an instant I could see the sorrow and grief of all those years pass from the old man's face as he turns to his sister and cries: "What! when? Oh,

Elizabeth! is it true?" And then, before she can answer, Joseph rises, pale and darkling, and cries in a voice no longer decorous: "Lady Pimlico, this is your doing; you have striven for years to complete ruin of your own house. But learn one thing, your nephew John does not re-

turn here."

My Lady flings off her tippet and stands to her guns. "He shall return to my house and to his father's house. Who are you to stand between my lad and forgiveness. Listen, Peter; your son Jack was tempted and he fell; he was a rascal and a blackguard, I don't deny it; but he has suffered and he re-pents. Listen to what he says in a letter I had only to-day. He has fallen so low that he works as a farm laborer: he hasn't a decent coat to his back nor a decent meal to cat; he is broken down, body and soul. But, Peter, don't forget he is your son-your own flesh and blood."

Old Sir Peter turns very white, rises from his chair, and leans trembling toward Joseph. "Oh, Joseph, hear what she says. Let him come back again." "Let him come back!" bursts in this whirlwind of a woman. "Aye, but he shall come back. Are you master here, Peter, or is Joseph?" As my Lady Peter, or is Joseph?<sup>17</sup> As my Lady waxes hot Joseph steadies down into a

deadly coolness. "I will answer that question for my father," he says, folding his hands on the table and look ng straight at the old lady. "My brother has ruined his own future, but he shall not ruin mine-he shall not return here. He strove for years to pull down the honor of my father's name, and I have striven for years to build it up. He suffers want, misery and shame. He has sown the

wind, but he is reaping the whirlwind."
All the time he speaks my Lady is plucking mangy tufts of fur from her pelisse. Now she springs to her feet, shrill and redfaced. "Don't quote shrill and redfaced. Scripture to me. You respected! you honored! you, with your smooth tongue and your varnished face! As a boy you were a coward, as a man you're a sneak My boy sinned, but he sinned openly. You air your virtues in the streets, but you keep your French nov-

So Joseph drives down to his bank in eler was the most successful prizefor the last three seasons), it was able that this accomplished lady teen. He had down the last three seasons and this absurd old the last three seasons and lady teen. He had down the last three seasons and this absurd old the last three seasons are seasons. probable that this accomplished lady had at last brought matters to a crisis, and he demoralized us. He kissed all and cry and laugh, and talk incessantly, the servant girls, and they all doted on and prove themselves to be a couple of

their lives for Master Jack. Joseph Peter used always to receive me in his about Lady Olivia, and how it all came about. For three seasons every well-thinking mother in Belgravia with any that Joseph should enter the bank and there I found him the street, and there I found him the street.

"Joseph is at the bank," said the old man with an unconcealed delight, "so let us have a quiet talk." So I drew to the fire, but I noticed a strange restlessness about Sir Peter. He would break off suddenly in the middle of a sen-tence and look down the street and

"he has learned a bitter lesson.

She wore an andacious wig, a capacious Jack will live together and be happy brooch, an old brown sik dress, and over after." As I speak I see the old when I last saw my boy he had ripened on state occasions a quantity of extremely dirty old lace. Out of doors window and down the street; from perous and honored, the old light still where he sits he can look right down to dancing in his blue eyes, and he had the other end of the road. It is one of eyer a stalwart arm ready for an old those dreary London days—half fog, man to lean upon. Only yesterday half rain, all mist and dirt and misery.

Jack called at my chambers, and in the Suddenly the old wrinkled face grows carriage were two ladies; the younger very white and startled, and he rises and moves to the window. I follow him and look down the street, but I see noming and nothing, except two ladies half hidden in water-proofs, an errand boy, and further off a struggling beggar, drenched to the skin and wending his way to the nearest workhouse. Sud-denly I feet a grip as of iron on my arm, and, looking round, I see Sir Peter How he hated her! She alone had the power to ruffle his decorum and to make his pale face flush and his eyes gleam.

It is all changed and transformed, all his soul looking out of his eyes, and before I could speak he had passed from the room down the hall and out at the front any remarks except extremely stupid and decorous ones. Talking to her was like conversing with something between and I see the old man fling his arms wildly round that beg-gar man's neck and kiss him ing to preside at some philanthropic meeting that evening at Exeter Hall. Sweet and sacred a joy: 15 disturb so conversation flagged. sweet and sacred a joy; then I go up, and, taking both Jack's hands in mine, I say: "Bring him home, Jack, and welcome home, yourself." Ah, how shall I ever forget what I saw in the hall! Jack and I helped Sir Peter in, feeble now, exhausted, and spent. He sinks on the hall seat, but holding his son's hands tight; then Jack falls on his knees and hides his thin wan face on his father's hands, weak as any hysterical woman. "Oh, take me back again, father! I know I've been a bad son; I know I've disgraced you all; but I've fallen so low and I have suffered so much, and I have repented! Oh, give me another chance!" As he speaks several of the servants run into the hall and gather round them. Then I saw in Sir Peter's face the most beautiful look I ever saw on any human features: I think it must have been the reflection of

the Divine love of the Great Father of us all. So, rising, he stands before us, the poor lad still kneeling at his feet; then, stooping, he raises him tenderly, holding him in his loving arms—oh, so closely!—and says, in a clear, strong voice: "See here, all of you; this is my son Jack, my very own son. He shall once more eat at my table, once more

sleep beneath my roof."
By and by Jack and I are sitting alone in the dining-room, and I'm not ashamed to own, and I know Jack wouldn't be, that we both broke down and cried a little. I was a weak old man, and he a weak young one. Looking at h m steadily, I could see how want and poverty and hard life had ground him down. The poor, wan face was pinched and white, and the blue eyes that used to be so gay and full of life had a hunted, haggard look. Jack sits in the deepening London twilight and tells me his weary history. Debt, dishonor, gam-bling and the ever downward career that we all know so well. He was asking after his old Aunt Betty, when suddenly there was a clatter at the front door, a tremendous bustle and scuffle in the hall, and in bursts that redoubtfur, joy and inarticulate hallelujahs. In two seconds her faithful old arms were roun.l Jack's neck and the old lady sobbing on his breast; then she would hold him at arm's length, looking all over, then with another so of triumphant delight fling herself into his arms again. I really feared the old lady's mind would give way. After much laughing and crying slædelivered herself in this fashion, one arm around Jack and the other dominating me.

might have been Aldgate pump for all she cared. "Here's my boy come back-praise God for that, he has come back—and not a leg on of Josephs nor a legion of devils shall drive him away again. Who cares for the past! To-day we begin a fresh chapter. Who cares for your moralties and your decencies! em all, I say. Kiss your old aunt, my

I think sometimes dear Aunt Betty too outspoken, but no one thinks of that now. Jack kissed her ugly old tear-stained face, kisses her as tenderly and gallantly as if she were his bride and then by some strange freak the old lady falls upon me and kisses me quite outrageously, till Jack takes her in mine and says: "Aunt, I can't forget the past, or your patience and love, but I've come back to redeem it. Be palonger, as tient and kind to me a little you would to a sick man whose fever is

eaving him.' "Kind to you, Jack!" she cries. mantling all over with beautiful pride and joy. "Leave me alone for that. Why, my darling"—then words fail her, and the eager old arms are once more round him as if they would never un-

Then Sir Peter joins them, and I go away happy to my own home. This is what happened afterward, excellent old Tomkins being my informant. And I must tell you the very end of it all. which is as happy as a fairy story, and much more true. Our unprodigal son Joseph came back that evening from the bank in a state of serene decorum quite beautiful to behold; every thing had prospered exceedingly with him that day. He had arranged the settlethat day. ments with the Lady Olivia, and had kept matters more in his own hands than he had hoped to do. As he drove up Harley street, even when far off, he was astounded to see unusual signs of festivity at his father's sombre-looking Lights gleamed in the windows and the whole place was transformed.

Joseph must have guessed the truth. He stood on the door-step in no happy mood. Tompkins opened the door, his honest face gleaming, and behind him

"What's the meaning of all this, father? Have you gone mad?" Then Sir Peter spoke in strong, clear tones: "Joseph, your brother is come back; your brother and my son. Come Come in and join us. Help us give him

Joseph's pale face flushed. "Is this this the reward of all my years of duty? As you say, he is my brother, he is your son; but he is more than this; he is a son; but he is more than this, he is a thief, an outcast, a swindler. Ever since he was born he has been a curse and a disgrace to us."

Then Sir Peter flushed up in a beauti-

De- found. I have flung the past behind my pend upon it. Sir Peter, he will come back: he is the very apple of my eye. back wiser and sadder." His old eyes forbid you to cast one word in his teet

> died and left him all her savings, and Violet sat at my feet, put her arms up-on my knees, and Jack leaned over the back of the chair, with his arms around my neck. "Dear uncle, Bob," (he al-ways called me uncle after he came home) "guess who that lady is."

Well, Jack, she is Lady Violet Stan-

ley."
"Well, uncle, Stanley is an name, though you mightn't think it, so I'm going to give her a new one and present you with a new niece. Kiss her and tell her you love her for my sake and her own, too.'

Before they go I ask Jack to keep a little corner of his heart for me to creep into for old love's sake, and Jack says he will .- Temple Bar.

## CARPET REMNANTS.

The Many Ways in Which Scraps Are Disposed Of to Advantage.

"What do you do with all your seraps?" asked a reporter of a salesman in a carpet house. "Well, we have a great demand for

them," was the reply. "Remnants of carpets don't go begging, by a large majority. In fact, the demand is largely in excess of the supply. In the first place, the long ends of rolls in patterns which we do not wish to carry any more are sold to the second-hand dealers, who pay a good price for them, say sixty or seventy-five per cent. of their wholesale value in the piece. They buy of all the dealers and often find another remnant of the same kind, which they add to the first and make up a carpet large enough for a small room, which they sell to their customers as a 'm'sfit' and fre-quently get as much for as though it was cut to fit the room. We often sell full rolls that have been soiled at the ends or that are in patterns out of date to the same men, who use them in the same way. It is surprising what a demand their is for misfit carpets. A woman will pay full price for one and

think she has a bargain.
"Then the smaller remnants—say from two to four yards long. If they are bright, fresh goods we make rugs of them by sewing on borders and sell them without loss. If they are a little shopworn or soiled we sell them to the lounge manufacturers, who use them in their business. A large number of the cheaper lounges are made by the furni-ture men and are nearly all covered with these pieces of carpet. Still smaller pieces are sold to the dealers, who pay about twenty-five per cent. of the orig-inal cost and sell them as mats and rugs for a good hundred per cent. The small cuttings and scraps are sold by the pound to the hassock and ottoman makers, who drive a thriving trade with the wholesale houses, one of which handles two hundred and fifty dozen has-

socks a year.
"There isn't much waste in the carpet business, in spite of the trouble matching patterns, which is such a bugbear to the economical housewife, who wonders why it takes twenty-two or twenty-three yards of carpet to cover a room only nineteen or twenty yards in area. Oil-cloth samples and remnants are in demand for vestibules and stove rugs, and when too small for these purposes are bought by the carriage manufacturers. - Chicago News.

# KILL THE LICE.

How Hen-Houses Should be Treated Be-The hen houses must be cleaned out during autumn if the hens are to be kept through the winter. They are fairly alive with lice then. No wonder the hens want to roost in the trees. It is unfortunate in some respects that more human beings can not be made to endure the torture from these creeping horrors. They would be far more merciful to their stock if their flesh could honestly creep at the memory of these filthy vermin. Lumbermen, war prisoners and others who are forced to live in lice-infected places, all say that nothing so tends to destroy health and comfort as lice. No more horrible punishment would be possible than to force a man to live in a lousy room. Constant torture, sleeplessness, insanity, death would be the result. What right has a man to inflict this dreadful punishment upon the dumb animals that are placed in his charge? He has no right; he transgresses both a human and a moral law when he neglects to destroy the vermin on his cattle or turns the hens into a lousy house for the winter. Clean out the hen-house, or else kill every hen on the place before cold weather sets in. Take a hoe and a shovel and clean out every ounce of manure. Take water as hot as you can get it, and with an old broom or mop swab out every crack and corner of the place. Burn up the old nests. Spray kerosene into the cracks and edges, two good coats of whitewash all over the inside. Take out the perches, scrape them off and pour kerosene along them. It will pay to dig out the earth at the bottom of the house and put fresh dirt Put in pure sand if you can get it. Don't neglect this. It is a combination of business and morality. You will get more eggs to pay for it, and your conscience will be lighter.—Cor

Rural New Yorker.

### Wanted Rows All Around.

Madam Parvenue, who had grown suddenly rich by an oil well spouting in her back yard, consults an architect in regard to an elegant and costly residencence which she intends to build.

Architect—Do you wish a rotunda in

house? Madam Parvenue-Yes, I want a rotunda in the house and two or three rows of tundas running round the outside of the house. - Pittsbu rgh Chronich

since he was born he has been a curse and a disgrace to us."

Then Sir Peter flushed up in a beautiful short-lived Indian summer of wrath.

"Peace, Joseph; no more of this. He is my son; he was lost, and now he is of tibers.

—A eucalyptus tree fifty feet from a well in Alameda County, Cal., sent two roots through the brick wall of a well fifteen feet below the surface, and completely covered the bottom with a mat of tibers.

FIGHTING AN ANACONDA.

w a Brave Sallor Lad Made a Huge An old gentleman from Reading,

Mass., to whom I have several times been indebted for a good story, says a story-writer, has told this one of a young sailor (who was a boy when the old gentleman was a boy), named Phineas Guerney:

"This, Phin's first glimpse of equatorial countries, was at an unknown landing on the South American coast. We can imagine how the sight of tropical luxuriance and palms and Ilianas astonished his northern eyes. The Good Adventure (his ship) lay a week or more in the cove, and one afternoon Phin took a rather venturesome ramble, following the crooks and bends of a small tidal river.

"As our young explorer went on, the stillness of the place was broken by a heavy splashing in the stream, at some distance ahead, followed in a moment or two by frightful bellowings, and all the commingled sounds of a deadly tussle. Phin stood rooted to the ground though more from astonishment than fear. Then the strange bawling and splashing continuing, he was drawn by a great curiosity to see what sort of a fracas was going on and what beasts were fighting. Running toward the noise, he came out near a great saumana-tree, with long, drooping branches, which grew partly in the water, and saw a 'horned creature,' as he described it, plunging to and fro, with the bigges snake there ever was in the world. hanging hold of the animai's nose, and rolling and tumbling itself in great glossy folds on the ground!

"Never had Phin seen nor heard such a snake as that before! He clared that it was 'more than forty foot long,' and as 'big round as the brig's foremast,' and that it was 'hitched way up to a limb of the tree by its tail.' says of it that it was a 'yaller snake with black spots all along its back and sides,' but that its belly was skim-milk color; also that its head was yellow and black; and that its eyes were bulged out like two chiny sassers,' and 'were green

as frog spit,' except in the middle, where they looked like bright brass. "Back and forth plunged the bullock bellowing loudly in its fright and dis-tress; but when once these water bons get a grip with their strong, retroverted teeth, it is next to impossible for an an-imal to break away from them. At length, the boa got one huge fold over the bullock's rump, and threw its hind legs from under its body. Very short-ly now it would have mastered the steer-if Phin had not had a wrong to right. From the outset, our young sailor's sympathies had been with the

'horned creature.'
"To see neat stock used in that way by an ugly monster of a snake went against Phin's grain, and at this juncture he dashed in with his cheetootth and began to hammer the snake's head with all his might. The chectoolth was as heavy as a sledge, and Phin had a sturdy arm of his own, yet his first blows seemed not to produce the slightest effect upon the intent monster. But sud-denly it relaxed its hold, and with a single convulsive roll of its coils, flung itself for back under the ree. The steer thus left free, struggled to its feet, shook its horns and staggered off through the

"Phin was determined to finish the life of the boa, but a poisonous effluvia from its body filled the air, and made him so sick that he left the reptile to its uncertain fate."- Youth's Companion.

### ERUPTIVE DISEASE.

Affliction Which Are in Reality Blessings in Disguise.

may be regarded as the index of the derangement of the system, the evidence of internal obstructions or of general a long pole, which served to illuminate impurity. Indeed, what we call disease is but a symptom, evidence of a deprayed state of the body, the outward manifestations of recuperative efforts, or a manifestation of the curative efforts of nature, for the removal of internal derangement, the ejection or disposal of the impurities of the body. It is claimed that all of the efforts of nature are of a merciful character, all in the line of cure or improvement, though, from adverse circumstances or the confusion produced by the interference and opposition of attendants, failures often occur. These principles are well illustrated by the usual eruptive diseases, connected with which there is more o less of the discharge of effete, putrid and poisonous matters. I clude what are usually regarded the diseases of the young, the diseases of the young, as measles, chicken-pox, small-pox and the like, though this last is as often known among adults. I claim, there-fore, that all such as the measles, scarlatina, chicken-pox and rashes, generally, are renovating steps in the opment of the young, that all purify, naturally, as the eruptions are attended by effete matters, more or less visible. I also claim that all discharges from sores, cancers not excepted, are but the results of nature's efforts at purification, just to this extent prolonging life, even when the case proves fatal. fact that the escaping matters often prove excertating, producing sores or irritations wherever they touch the skin, will illustrate their putrid and poisonous character. The body becomes impure, in an ab-

as that of very "tender" meats—when made so, as it often is, by semi-putrefaction, from age; or from eating so much that all can not be digested. trefying in the stomach or in the bowels; from failing to breathe sumeiently of pure air, or breathing pestiferous air and foul vapors; but the inactivity of the sk n, the pores being so closed that the sk n, the pores being so closed that worn by hotel clerks are genuine. Only while I was at Atlantic City, for a general want of cleanliness. In last week, while I was at Atlantic City, this condition, nature—always seeking I saw a hotel clerk from whose breast cleanliness-attempts a purification, through some of the outlets, acting like the sewers of the city, in the failure of didn't pay for it, and to tell the truth it which, the skin is put "under contribudidn't belong to him. the sewers of the city, in the failure of tion," the natural escape for most of this impurity being through the pores. This is sought through eruptive diseases, sores, abscesses and even cancers, the discharges from which prove a blessing, all that is thrown off being just so much eliminated, so much poison thrown out of the body, just to that extent diminishing the occasion for disease. There is no sense, no phil-osophy, in the popular idea, in the past or among the ignorant, that "sores rur the life away," as only putrid matters escape, a retention of which, as we have cases. It is always safe to promote such discharges, having "a clean sore."
—Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Walchman. It is always safe to promote

normal state, from eating impure food,

PITH AND POINT.

-Do not be discouraged because you discover that you are not a man of genius. An eminent scientist declares hat genius is a form of epilepsy. - Texas

Siftings. —It is only the abstract mother-in-law who is joked about. The concrete flesh-and-blood mother-in-law isn't s matter for jesting or any sort of trifling with.—Boston Record..

-"Only twenty?" "Yes," she explained. "George made me promise when we were married that I would plained. never change. I was twenty then, and I mean to keep my promise,"-N. Telegram.

-"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Uppercea, "I'd like to make h's life miserable!" "Tell you what," said her, husband warmly, "I'll send the villain. an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him!"—Burdette. -An American millionaire, who was

looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.— N. Y. Post.

-Minks-Yes, I am feeling miserably, and I really can't afford to hire a doctor. Winks-Why don't you try my plan? It's founded on the directions always given by doctors. Minks— Eh! What is that? Winks—I do everything I don't want to .- Omaha World.

-She-James, do you know you put three buttons on the plate in church today? He—Yes, I knew what I was about. She—James, perhaps you don't know that I bought those buttons yesterday for my new dress and paid fifty cents apiece for them.—Wilmington

Star.

—"My dear," said a Concord lady to her husband, "if you do not make haste we shall be late to the School of Philosophy. Aren't you nearly ready?"

"I will be ready," replied the husband, who is not much of a philosopher, "just as soon as I can find my chestnut bell."

—"Why don't you bring your friend

-"Why don't you bring your friend around to the house, Mr. Featherly?" inquired Bobby, as that young man seated himself in the parlor. "I have a good many friends, Bobby." replied Featherly, indulgently. "Which friend do you mean?" "John Barleycorn. Pa says you are a great friend of his."

-N. Y. Sun. -Bagley-Going fishing to-day? De Baggs—No, sir. Too much business to attend to. "Very well, I'll think of you when I'm sitting on the shady bank hauling in the two-pound beauties. "That's right, do. And when you stop at the market on the way home, just buy me a string, too. That fellow."—Philadelphia Call. That's a good

-Bobby was awake when his mother came home from the party at midnight. "Did you say your prayers to nurse, Bobby," she asked, "ocfore you went to bed?" "No, mamma, I forgot it." "Well, you had better come and say them to me now." "What," said Bobby, in drowsy astonishment, "does God stay up all night?"—Chicago Journal.

#### THE RETURNING BALL

A Peddler Who Invented a Toy Whie Netted Him a Small Fortune, For a good many years, summer and winter, rain or shine, John Burke, a stalwart Irishman, peddled goods through the city of Brooklyn, from Red Hook to Greenpoint, and from Fulton Ferry to East New York. He was known by all the children in the dis-

tricts which he visited. He liked to see

a good-looking girl, and he married three times. Catherine Burke was his third wife, and he married her because she had been in his employ during the lifetime of wife No. 2. Catharine was ambitious, prefatory, I will remark that the and she induced John to make an effort true difficulty is back, behind what we to rise in the world. He engaged in are accustomed to call the disease, which the business of a fakir and went about with a little platform, from which he harangued his audiences, under his arm, and with a little coal-oil lamp stuck on

> New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connect cut and Massachusetts and made money. When he stood on his stand near the village tavern a crowd soon gathered about him, his oil lamp and his little rostrum. His talk to the rural public was full of the native wit of an Irishman, and he always got his hearers into good humor with his sallies and small talk before exposing his wares to their wondering gaze. had a mind with an inventive turn and turned it to good account. He made a name for himself by inventing what is known as the returning ball, a rubber globe attached to a rubber string, and

> cleared \$30,000. Then the Burke family rose from its obscurity and looked down from its financial height upon its admiring neighbors. John Burke and his wife gave splendid entertainments to their particular friends, at which the punch bowl was frequently emptied, and many a reel was reeled and many a jig was jigged. John's particular friends jigged. John's particular helped him to get away with a large part of his weath. What he had left ie invested in a big tenement house in York street with a mortgage of \$14,-000. In September, last year, Catharine Burke got a decree of separation from her husband on the ground of eruel and inhuman treatment. - Brook-

#### lyn Times. HOW IT IS WORKED. The Big Diamonds Which Blaze on Hotel

Clerks' Shirt Fronts. "People get off a great many very ancient jokes about the big diamonds worn by hotel cterks," remarked a salesman at the Hotel Anderson, last night, "and as a result most persons have gotten the idea into their heads that those same diamonds are nothing

one of the largest and purest diamonds I ever saw glittered. But, of course, he

"It didn't belong to him?" "No, my dear boy, it didn't. He was, wearing it for an advertisement. A great many jewelry firms advertise their goods in just that way. Almost any watering place you may go to you will see the hotel clerks blazing with diamonds that will make your eyes bulge out. It's a good dodge for the jeweler,

and it pleases the clerk."
"But how is the jeweler benefited?"
"Well, it doesn't cost any thing to let a clerk wear a diamond a few months, audden retention of this poison will always produce more or less commotion in the system, if not cleath, in extreme cases. It is always as for the system of and caring that time rich visitors are from, recommends the visitor to go there, and often gives him a card of introduction to the proprietor. See?